

PR
4079
B83r

A
A
0
0
0
3
8
0
2
9
7
2



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

RANDOM RHYMES,

BY

NORMAN BAZALGETTE.



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

R A N D O M R H Y M E S.

BY

NORMAN BAZALGETTE.

These verses were not penned in hope of fame,
They seek not praise, they deprecate not blame ;
So, friends, accept them simply as they stand,
The aimless jottings of an idle hand.

L O N D O N :

JOHN SMITH & CO., PRINTERS, LONG ACRE, W.C.

1870.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

PR
4079
B83r

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
THE ORIGIN OF THE SERENADE	1
HER LIPS ARE RED	13
FRIENDS OF YOUTH	14
RIVER OF LIFE	14
SOLITARINESS	15
SPAIN'S LAMENT	16
EVIDENCE OF GOD	18
FAME	18
THE MARTYR'S FATE	19
CYNTHIA	20
CRADLE SONG	21
A MORNING FANCY	22
INFLUENCE OF NATURE	23
SILVERY RILLS	24
WIND THAT WHISPERS	24
AWAKE MY SOUL	25
INVITATION TO THE FAIRIES	25
EASTER SINGERS IN THE VORARLBERG	26
THE NIGHTINGALE'S FAREWELL	27
A TALE OF OUR COASTS	28
CHRISTABEL	30
A MOTHER'S CONSOLATION	31
SLUMBER'S SONG	32
MAGDALEN TOWER ON MAY MORNING	33
HOW TO WOO!	34
THOUGHT	35
IS IT TRUE?	36

857067

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
THE COTTAGE FLOWER 	37
THE SUICIDE 	38
LOVE AND DEATH 	39
THOUGHTS IN THE CIRCUS OF ROME	40
WRECK OF THE ————— 	42
GOLDEN LOCKS 	44
A DREAM 	44
LOST AT SEA 	45
MELODY OF WAR 	46
TEARS 	47
THE OAK AND THE WIND	47
THE HAUNTED CHAMBER 	48
AFTER THE BATTLE	50
O ! WHO WILL WAKE 	50
THE VICTIM OF THE WAVE 	51
BROKEN TRYST 	52
SONG OF THE SAXON BARDS 	53
MAIDEN'S HAWKING SONG 	54
BEAUTY OF DEATH 	54
WHO CAN TELL? 	55
UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE 	55
WEAKNESS OF SPEECH 	56
AFTER-SPELL OF SONG 	56
HOW FAIR IS LOVE 	56
DUET 	57
MARIE ANTOINETTE 	58
A SCENE FROM THE CIRCUS 	66
SOUNDS OF THE PAST 	67

THE ORIGIN OF THE SERENADE.

I.

'Tis evening in the valley of the Rhine,
And melancholy shadows brood around,
And with the frolic moonbeams intertwine,
Weaving a flickering garment for the ground.
'Tis evening, and there is not heard a sound,
On earth and air there dwells a solemn hush,
On vine-clad vale, rough crag, and mossy mound,
Save the wind's whisper mid the beds of rush
That fringe the darkling wave, or nightingale's sweet gush.

II.

'Tis in the fairy Rhineland, where they tell
Enchanted towers and hazy castles rise,
Where sorcerers dread and wily witches dwell,
And with weird glamour cheat the wanderer's eyes,
Yet there beneath the sombre evening skies
Alcanza rides, nor for one moment lags,
Save to indulge his fancy's brief surprise
At sound of water sobbing in the flags
And crowns of molten moonshine on the giant crags.

III.

Who is Alcanza, that he dares to tread
Alone, unguarded, after set of sun,
These solitudes and shadowy regions dread
Where traffic dark and deeds profane are done ;
Haunts that e'en those of priestly habit shun,
Where in the spectral midnight filthy crones—
So fame reports—on their foul errands run,
And mix their potions from the dead man's bones,
While all the echoing vale is horrid with their moans.

IV.

A youth he is, a true-born son of Spain,
 And the rich tide of pure Castilian blood
 Pours its warm vintage through each glowing vein
 And mantles on his brow with swarthy flood.
 Rich is his garb, and glittering jewels stud
 His doublet's hasp and helmet's feathered peak,
 His eyes are dark, and deeply seem to brood
 On some sad thought, while sunburnt is his cheek,
 And all his wealth and rank and lineage high bespeak.

V.

Why hath he wandered from his own bright clime,
 The home of chivalry and stories old,
 Where Nature smiles in all her matron prime,
 And silver moons and suns of brilliant gold
 Shed vivid beauty on the prosperous wold?
 Why doth Alcanza from his homeland rove?
 Alas! the lady of his heart is cold,
 And he would fain now find some charm to move
 And fill her snowy bosom with its former love.

VI.

Full many a league his restless foot hath trod
 Through all the length of fair and fertile France,
 The mountain steep, the valley's pleasant sod,
 He follows at the fickle beck of chance,
 Yet blithely still doth his brave charger prance,
 And oft dares Echo with defiant neigh,
 Though now the last faint sunbeams sadly glance
 Before his feet along the rocky way,
 The lingering dalliance of the dying summer day.

VII.

The moon is up—and glorious radiance dwells
 And trembles on the wavelets of the Rhine,
 Her lustrous footprints in the dewy dells,
 And on the hoary mountain-summits shine,
 Alcanza views, and owns the scene divine,
 When, wonder ! perched upon a neighbouring height,
 As though fresh carved from out a silver mine,
 A lovely castle loomed upon his sight,
 Its towers and pinacles ablaze with coloured light.

VIII.

His was a gallant heart, yet when he viewed
 That castle gleaming with such sudden show,
 He felt a change come o'er his careless mood.
 A flutter at his heart and cheek aglow,
 For how it there arose he could not know ;
 And then a mighty wonder thrilled his breast,
 And soon his wonted courage 'gan to grow
 So strong, that upward to the hill he pressed,
 Resolved to seek admittance as a friendly guest.

IX.

He gained the castle—seized the pendant horn,
 Loud rang the summons of the silver blast,
 Yet scarcely were the mountain echoes born,
 Ere wide the gates by hands unseen were cast,
 And straight Alcanza through the portal passed,
 Where glows a beauteous vestibule within,
 Inlaid with diamonds and crystals chaste,
 Where freshening fountains make a pleasant din,
 And forms grotesque around from marble niches grin.

X.

The song of birds dwelt hovering on the air,
 And fragrant blossoms flung a balmy spell,
 Yet nought of life could he discover there,
 Led gently on by hands invisible.
 Could no one in this princely palace dwell ?
 Through gilded courts and gorgeous galleries
 He went, and under roofs of tinted shell,
 At every turn new marvels met his eyes,
 And glorious mysteries wakened in his soul surprise.

XI.

He entered last a splendid spacious hall,
 Where plenteous viands in costly vessels steamed
 As though fresh heaped for some great festival,
 And florid wines in ruby vases gleamed.
 Alcanza doubted if perchance he dreamed,
 Or what he viewed was work of hands divine
 Or human artifice ; howe'er he deemed
 These delicates were spread for him to dine,
 So took the goodly cheer and quaffed the generous wine.

XII.

And now, at last, the mystic banquet o'er,
 The burdened air with magic music heaves
 Like billows babbling on a distant shore,
 Or wind's faint whisper 'mid the forest leaves,
 Or bird's sweet song beneath the cottage eaves.
 Sometimes the strain was like the voice of joy ;
 Anon as sad as mother when she grieves
 Beside the deathbed of her dying boy ;
 Sometimes like happiness contending with alloy.

XIII.

And then Alcanza thought that some one kissed
 His lips, and all his spirit swooned away,
 And on his eyes there fell a gentle mist,
 And thought was gone in fairyland to stray.
 Awhile he was a child again at play,
 And then a youth he wooed a maiden fair,
 In all the fulness of love's summer day,
 And hope was blithe, and life was debonnair,
 Then she was cold, and all, alas ! was winter there.

XIV.

And soon the vision changed, and through his sleep
 He saw beside him bend a hideous crone,
 Whose twinkling eyes 'neath wrinkled forehead peep,
 And thus she wailed in supplicating tone—
 “ Ah ! youth and loveliness away have flown,
 Swift as the burden of that fleeting strain,
 Ne'er to return, and I am left to moan
 For happiness that ne'er may come again,
 And drink the bitter cup of dreariness and pain.

XV.

“ Yet I was fair, and was the chosen bride
 Of one in whom was found each knightly grace,
 He wooed me through one joyous summertide,
 And then he vowed that wedlock should enlase
 Our hearts in its inseparable embrace.
 But, ah ! some cruel destiny had willed
 Far other fate, for rashly in the chase
 A beast, familiar of a witch, he killed,
 She swore a dread revenge, her oath it was fulfilled.

XVI.

“ Yes, beauty then was mine, and I was loved,
 And love had built an altar in my breast,
 Till one fair morn, as hand-in-hand we roved,
 A whining hag made piteous request,
 And he turned harshly from her shrill behest.
 Horror ! she rained upon our heads a curse
 More fatal than the foulest fever pest,
 For I grew loathly as I am, and worse,
 My love lay stricken lifeless at my feet a corse.”

XVII.

“ And then she laughed, ye saints, a laugh so shrill
 The echo seemed as it would never die,
 In fancy’s frightened ear ’tis ringing still,
 And fancy hears the hag’s exultant cry—
 ‘ There ’mid the rank weeds let thy lover lie,
 And that foul shape be thy bright beauty’s shrine,
 And on thy hapless fate unceasing sigh,
 Till to a dismal shadow thou dost pine.
 Ah ! vengeance is divine, and vengeance now is mine !

XVIII.

“ ‘ And Death shall ne’er take pity on thy woe.
 Death—pity ! ’tis a pleasant jest in sooth !
 E’er one tear down his rugged visage flow,
 The red sirocco of the sandy south
 Shall bring cool rivers for the earth’s parched mouth ;
 Yet, since I may not utter vengeance wreak,
 Be this my curse fulfilled upon ye both
 Till some brave youth thy habitation seek
 And print a kiss upon thy sodden, sunken cheek.’

XIX.

"And she was gone, and I was wafted here,
 The helpless victim of a cruel fate ;
 And still I see the circle of the year,
 And still live wearisome and desolate
 Amid this gaudy pomp and gilded state,
 While he lies low among the waving grass,
 And the lone nightingale when eve is late
 There sweetly celebrates her plaintive mass,
 And pleasant shadows o'er his prostrate beauty pass."

XX.

Alcanza heard, and straight his spirit grew
 As soft within him at her tale of woe
 As when at eve a tender rain of dew
 Sinks gently down upon a field of snow—
 And then the tears of sorrow 'gan to flow.
 But swift ! a cold hand caught his burning wrist,
 A faint voice sighed " 'Tis morning, I must go."
 He viewed her waning into pallid mist,
 And sprang like sudden thought and that foul beldam kissed.

XXI.

And then there came on all her form a change ;
 She stood beside his couch a maiden fair,
 He thought e'en he should scan all beauty's range
 He ne'er might meet with loveliness more rare.
 A maiden beautiful beyond compare !
 And in her slender hand she held a lute,
 And whispered, " Homeward with this gift repair,
 And when she hears its plaint, no longer mute,
 Her heart shall bud and blossom to love's sweetest fruit."

XXII.

He woke, and tis' a dream, for lo ! he lies
 Supine upon a bed of bright bruised flowers,
 His canopy the morning's pale blue skies.
 And bitter truth the pleasant vision sours,
 A dark cloud on the face of fancy lowers ;
 Yet no ! the magic lute is by his side,
 But where the palace with its fairy towers ?
 Gone ! like the dreams that on thought's current glide,
 Gone ! like the fleeting shadows of the eventide.

XXIII.

And long he mused upon the night's event,
 And listened to the skylark's pealing song,
 That with the fleecy clouds of heaven seemed blent,
 And blue-bells murmurous with a busy throng ;
 Meanwhile the river laughing danced along
 And dimpled brightly in the sunbeam's smile,
 And thought went hither thither wildly wrong,
 For puzzled reason could not reconcile
 If this were fairy's boon or witch's wicked wile.

XXIV.

But 'twas no use consulting the blue sky,
 He found no comfort in the skylark's trill,
 The murmuring bees could yield him no reply,
 Nor river with its many tribute rill.
 Nor heather waving on the purple hill.
 Nature was voluble, yet he could find
 No single voice that rising doubt might still,
 Or waft the shadows from his ruffled mind.
 Nature is fair, he thought, why will she not be kind ?

XXV.

At length he rose, and with a silver call
 Brought his brave charger bounding to his side.
 He champed the bit impatient of its thrall
 And shook his mane with downward glance of pride,
 His shrill neigh ringing up the mountain side.
 Slowly they passed adown the lovely vale
 Beside the mighty Rhine's majestic tide,
 Whose waves scarce stirred to ripples by the gale.
 Seemed clad in glittering panoply of golden mail.

XXVI.

The vale was gone, the valley of the Rhine
 Had faded bluely on his straining sight ;
 And now his longing bosom 'gan to pine
 For home, and dazzling visions of delight
 Danced in his eager eyes with mirage bright,
 Of sunburnt beauties resting in the shade,
 And dark eyes gleaming like the stars of night,
 Of pine trees waving in the forest glade,
 And bridal chestnuts white and olive's dark green braid.

XXVII.

Sometimes he strayed 'neath skies of angry glow
 O'er burning sands and rocks of cruel glare ;
 Sometimes by mountains nodding with their snow,
 While restless glaciers thundered in the air,
 Through dreary pass and valley bleak and bare ;
 Anon his charger waded deep in flowers,
 Vermeil and white and blue that blossomed rare,
 While birds made warbling in the leafy bowers
 And charmed with dulcet melody the lingering hours.

XXVIII.

Once more 'twas eve, and gently on the land
 Fell the long shadows of approaching night,
 The starry beacons lit the heaven's blue strand,
 And the moon went on pilgrimage of light
 To guide and gladden the belated wight,
 But brightest was the moon that eve in Spain,
 Hanging festoons of gold from height to height,
 Touching with gold the vale, paving the plain,
 And glancing golden-eyed through many a painted pane.

XXIX.

But through one pane she cast her brightest ray
 And filled the chamber with a mellow glow,
 For Madeleine, now wearied of the day,
 Prepared to rest her limbs on bed of snow,
 And there she stood with moonshine on her brow,
 And thought was in her eyes, it was a thought
 Of one who loved her in the time ago,
 Whose love had not been welcomed as it ought,
 And the sad musing to her dark eyes teardrops brought.

XXX.

And soon there steals upon her raptured ear
 A faint low warble, as sometimes the bells
 Sound in the evening tolling out the year,
 Or tinkling coming from the sheepclad dells ;
 And then the pensive measure louder swells,
 Sometimes it seems a sad defiant strain,
 Anon as soft as Ocean in her shells,
 Sometimes it takes the very voice of pain,
 Then is the chant of singers in a distant fane.

XXXI.

And ! now she hears a tuneful voice of woe,
 “ Can that fair form contain a heart so cold ?
 Is that white bosom made of wintry snow
 Gathered from drift upon the dreary wold ?
 Or art thou, maiden, one of mortal mould ?
 If then thy heart be not enshrined in steel,
 Be, Madeleine, as thou wert once of old,
 If, Madeleine, thy heart be formed to feel,
 Take pity on my love. Alas, my stricken senses reel.”

XXXII.

The strain is hushed, yet still the echo throbs,
 And riot makes in Madeleine's pure breast,
 And then with voice that struggled through her sobs,
 “ Ah ! how he loves me ! let me hasten lest
 He die through very love.” Then swift she dressed
 Her lovely form in shawl of Indian dye,
 To shield her fragile beauty from the west,
 And there they met beneath the dark blue sky
 While low winds rustling in the leaves made revelry.

XXXIII.

When love is happy, then the skies are blue,
 E'en though the thunder through the welkin rings,
 The dark horizon takes a rosy hue,
 The fierce blasts sigh through sweet Æolian strings,
 And winking hours flit by on silver wings,
 The mountain peaks are snug in snowy down
 The shivering bird amid the bare boughs sings,
 The voice of joy is in the forest brown,
 For love is happy, and the world puts on a crown !

XXXIV.

And ever since that eve, when with his lute
Alcanza moved the heartless Madeleine,
The woe-worn lover is no longer mute,
But when the shadows move along the plain,
With mournful serenade he sings his pain,
And wins a tear from frowning Beauty's eye,
The misty clouds in love's warm sunshine wane,
Hushed is the plaint and lulled the hopeless sigh,
The rugged path of life is strewn with pleasantry !

HER LIPS ARE RED!

Her lips are red
As coral bed
That blooms beneath the sea,
Her face is fair
As lilies rare
That blossom on the lea.

Her locks are bright
As rays of light
That streak the brow of morn,
While in her gaze
Such sweet light plays
As moves along the corn.

Her eyes' deep blue
Is like the hue
Of heaven in summer's eve,
Her snowy breast
Rocks still in rest
As frolic waves that heave.

Her eyes are fraught
With finest thought
That lurks behind their lashes,
Like some bright burn
Through sedge and fern
With silver eddy dashes.

FRIENDS OF YOUTH.

x fleeting

Youth's ~~fairy~~^x friends are like a rose
 Whose clustering petals cling awhile,
 And in the joyous sunbeam smile,
 But when the blustering north wind blows,

Away the scattered roseleaves fly,
 A fairy freight, upon the gale
 Hither and thither reckless sail,
 Till on the sodden earth they lie

In hagar'd loveliness, nor more
 The wind will gather back the leaves
 To where the widowed rose tree grieves
 Its sweet companionship of yore.

Thus 'tis in life—when fortune's blast
 Disperses those fair friends of youth,
 We feel the stern and bitter truth—
 Youth's loves and hopes, alas, are past !

RIVER OF LIFE.

Truly life is like a river
 Flowing through a forest glade,
 Sometimes sunbeams in it quiver.
 Now its ripples own the shade
 Of the densely drooping branches,
 On the placid waters glide,
 Till o'er dizzy crag it launches
 Down its stunned and trembling tide !

SOLITARINESS.

I.

Wander beside the ocean's sullen waves,
 When their white crests are breaking on the shore,
 When sad winds moan among the surf-worn caves,
 And rocks give back a melancholy roar ;
 Go stand upon a mountain summit hoar,
 And gaze upon a thousand peaks of snow ;
 Go, and the forest's dismal wilds explore
 When cold rain falls and chilly blasts do blow—
 What 'tis to be alone thy spirit then shall know.

II.

Aye, this is loneliness, but 'tis more lone
 To dwell without a friend amid a crowd,
 To hear the accents of a tongue unknown,
 Their boisterous merriment and laughter loud,
 'Tis then the heart with loneliness is bowed.
 Better to have the thunder for a mate
 On a drear marsh, o'erhung with gloomy cloud,
 Illumined by the lightning's livid state
 Than live among one's fellow creatures desolate.

SPAIN'S LAMENT.

Land of Spain ! Glorious clime !
 Famed in story, famed in rhyme,
 Famed for blue and starry skies,
 Famed for dark and flashing eyes,
 Still beneath thy foliage green,
 Bright forms dancing,
 Light feet glancing,
 Dark eyes glowing,
 Red wine flowing,
 Form a fair and frolic scene !
 Still the air with song is laden,
 Silvery laugh of merry maiden,
 Still the serenader's ditty
 Breathes its soft appeal for pity
 Still in vain !
 Where is then the change ? O, tell me
 What mischance hath now befel thee,
 Land of Spain ?

Listen then, and I will tell
 What mischance hath now befel
 This land of mine.
 Still my purple vintage flows,
 Still in brimming goblet glows
 Ruddy wine !
 Still my skies serenely beam,
 Still my dark eyes wildly gleam
 With bright desire !
 Still my radiant suns that shine,
 Faint blue hills and waving pine,
 Deep and tender tints combine
 To blend a scenery divine
 That gods admire !
 Still my sparkling zone of ocean
 Rocks with blue and billowy motion,

Still my soft and spicy gales
 Wanton over orange vales,
 Still the dark-browed maiden sings,
 Sweet chimes play among the strings,
 While earth beneath and heaven above
 Breathe love, breathe love !

But my sons are coward-hearted,
 And that courage has departed
 Wont to fire
 In the glorious years now vanished,
 In the days of freedom banished,
 Swarthy sire !
 Lo ! they watch the tyrant now
 Pluck the green wreath from my brow,
 Woven from freedom's tree.
 Stand in listless wonder by,
 Servile sons of luxury,
 Take no thought for me !
 Swords of Spain, unsheath, unsheath !
 Snatch me back that precious wreath
 From the tyrant Queen ;
 'Then Spain shall be once more divine,
 Land of romance, and love, and wine,
 Shall be. as she has been !

EVIDENCE OF GOD.

The murmur in the ocean shells,
 The rustling of the meadow bells,
 The song of birds, the hum of bees,
 The sad low whispers of the trees,
 The voice of labour on the gale,
 The lowing cattle in the vale,
 The plashing streams, the tinkling rills,
 The echo in the ancient hills,
 The silvery music of the spheres,
 The silent melody of tears,
 The solemn stillness of the air,
 The soft appeal of suppliant prayer,
 The wondrous voices of the night,
 The hush that holds the mountain height,
 These all declare with fond consent—
 There is a God omnipotent.

F A M E

And this is what the world calls fame,
 An echo sweet and clear,
 That rings responsive to a name,
 Then fades upon the ear.

THE MARTYR'S FATE.

I.

Serene yet sad, the aged prelate stood,
 His white hairs waving in the summer wind,
 The look of deeply tranquil fortitude
 Told the calm resignation of his mind.
 There firmly fettered to the dreadful stake,
 He gazed around him with undaunted eye,
 Though 'twas a sight to make the boldest quake—
 And then glanced upward to the azure sky,
 And breathed a solemn prayer to God on high.

II.

But lo! a dark procession slowly came,
 Hushed is the clamour and tumultuous strife,
 Heard is a stern voice harshly to proclaim,
 "Recant, arch heretic, and take thy life!"
 Then lightning scorn lit up the old man's face,
 "I spurn your proffered pardon with disdain!
 What! should I barter Heaven's eternal grace
 And happiness for hell's eternal pain?
 Take life and lose my soul? Where is my gain?"

III.

Then like as when the stormy north wind blows
 Through the dense foliage of the wailing wood,
 A mighty tumult in the crowd arose,
 A cruel clamour for the Christian's blood.
 He heard the fierce expression of their hate:
 Perchance his face a little paler grew,
 Then meekly bowed to own the will of fate,
 And slow and sadly murmured, "Would they knew!
 Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do."

High rose the flames around his funeral pyre,
 Nor failed his faith, nor did his courage faint ;
 He stood a living pyramid of fire,
 Like the bright image of a glorious saint.
 Strange inspiration from his aspect shone,
 A burning halo beamed about his head ;
 A lingering moment more—and he was gone !
 Freed from its earthly dross, his spirit fled
 And joined the spirits of the martyr-dead.

CYNTHIA!

Silver queen of silent night,
 Clad in robe of quivering light,
 Full of fair and frequent change,
 Wonderful thy beauty's range !
 Now, thou dost resplendent glide
 Like a blithe and beaming bride ;
 Now like sickly maiden wane,
 White and wan with sudden pain ;
 Now dost coyly seek to shroud,
 Lovely nun ! thy charms in cloud ;
 Anon confessed serenely shine,
 Empress of the night divine !
 Sometimes like a bark of ocean,
 With a tossing trembling motion,
 Thou dost lone and friendless roam
 Surging waves of silver foam,
 Then the softly-whispering gales
 Breathe into thy silken sails,
 And thou dost thy path pursue
 Through the heaven's unruffled blue !

CRADLE SONG!

Softly, baby, slumber,
 Dream the night away,
 Angels without number
 Round thy cradle play ;
 Dream then, little sleeper,
 'Till the dawn appear,
 God shall be thy keeper,
 And thy mother's near.

Sweetly there reposing
 'Till the darkness flies,
 Tender eyelids closing
 Over drowsy eyes,
 Little white hand drooping
 From a snowy bed,
 Mother fondly stooping
 By her baby's head.

May thy years be pleasant,
 Is thy mother's prayer ;
 Like thy days at present
 Be without a care ;
 May no grief encumber,
 May there be no strife,
 'Then the last long slumber,
 And the fairer life !

A MORNING FANCY.

I.

One summer morn I languid lay
With listless gaze upturned on high,
And watched the cloudy shadows stray
Like dreamy spirits through the sky.

II.

And soon a skylark left the grass
And upward sped on rapid wing,
And as the bird did heavenward pass
The air with breathless joy did ring.

III.

Borne on the balmy gale along,
He faded 'mid the clouds elate,
And then it seemed the soul of song
That sang at Heaven's refulgent gate.

IV.

But soon I marked him from afar,
With each wing pressed to either side,
Sink downward like a falling star,
And to the grassy meadow glide.

V.

Methought, like yonder lark, doth man
On buoyant wings of fancy rise,
And flutter for a little span,
Amid the sunshine of the skies.

VI.

Awhile exultant linger there,
 And scornful glance upon the plain,
 Then with wild pinions beat the air,
 And baffled sink to earth again.

INFLUENCE OF NATURE.

I.

How sweet to fling oneself among the flowers,
 And watch the light clouds straggling in the blue,
 With chime of birds amid the merry bowers
 And gentle plash of fountain's silver dew;
 To give the ~~run~~ to fancy's rebel crew ** win*
 Of fairy thoughts, while a low range of hills
 Looms in faint outline, then I could eschew
 The world, and bold ambition, and the ills
 Of life 'mid rustling leaves and sound of tinkling rills.

II.

O man, with care upon thy brow and heart,
 Go to the lone green woods, and thou wilt find
 A balm to deaden sorrow's bitter smart,
 Serenity to soothe the ruffled mind.
 'Tis there the feelings of the heart grow kind,
 The spirit softens 'neath sweet nature's spell,
 The burdened soul to harmony inclined,
 Rings jubilant as merry marriage bell,
 And with the lark is lost in heaven invisible.

SILVER Y RILLS!

Silvery rills, silvery rills,
 Singing down from the ancient hills,
 Singing a carol blithe.
 'Neath the drooping boughs ye pass,
 Through the meadows of waving grass
 Where the mower whets his scythe.

Rivulets gay, rivulets gay,
 What do your warbling voices say?
 What the drift of your song?
 Know ye not that your waters leap
 Over a crag to the mighty deep,
 Lost the wild waves among!

WIND THAT WHISPERS!

Wind that whispers round the mountain,
 Sighs among the forest trees,
 Warbles round the woodland fountain,
 Waft my message o'er the seas,
 Waft it lightly, waft it sprightly,
 O'er the purple-rolling seas!

Whisper when the stars are gleaming
 Sweetly in their world of blue,
 That my soul is ever dreaming,
 And my love is ever true,
 Whisper slowly, whisper lowly,
 That my love is ever true!

AWAKE MY SOUL !

Awake my soul ! the sun shines bright,
 The lark is lost amid the sky,
 He waves his wing in golden light,
 And chants a glorious melody ;
 The violet breathes its incense rare
 To God upon the morning air,
 Awake my soul, awake !

Awake my soul ! each flower that blooms,
 The scented hawthorn in the vale,
 The wildrose in the forest glooms,
 The lily nodding to the gale,
 Each simple flower that decks the sod
 Yields fragrant homage to its God,
 Awake my soul, awake !

Awake my soul ! the world is bright,
 As though some kindly angel band
 Had left the sky, and come by night
 And touched with beauty all the land.
 Then wake my soul and breathe a prayer
 To Him who made the world so fair,
 Awake my soul, awake !

INVITATION TO THE FAIRIES.

Come ye fairies and ye fays
 From the forest's tangled maze,
 Come and foot it blithely here,
 Banish every thought of fear.

Here your merry revel hold,
 Pansey blooms and marigold,
 Here the honeysuckle blows,
 Violet blue, and blushing rose ;
 Fear no wasps nor sullen bees,
 Stinging gnats, nor biting breeze.
 For the sun beams bright and hot
 On my pleasant garden plot.
 Fairies come and lightly trip,
 Here my luscious nectar sip,
 In a dewy roseleaf bowl,
 For 'twill glad the fairy's soul ;
 Oberon with frolic crew,
 Hither Queen Titania too,
 Roguish Puck attend your king.
 Tricks and pranks and anticks bring ;
 Here you may gambol all the day,
 And on my lawn's green carpet play.

EASTER SINGERS IN THE VORARLBERG.

I stood upon the mountain's lofty peak
 Just as the sun was sinking 'neath the hills,
 And brimmed with rosy vapour all the vale ;
 The lake seemed like a misty sea, the Rhine
 Rolled on majestic through the plain below,
 And poured its mighty volume through the land ;
 Here the Swiss ranges sombre frowned, and there
 The shaggy forests of the Vorarlberg
 Waved their dark branches, while the sun's last rays
 Made the keen glaciers glitter rosy bright,
 And all the valley bathed in moonshine lay.

And then from many a scattered hamlet came
 Through the clear air that fanned the mountain's head,
 The sweet low tinklings of the evening bells,
 While bleating sheep and lowing cattle sought
 In winding weary herds the welcome stall.

And on the ear came pleasant sounds of mirth,
 For 'twas the evening of the holy day,
 The Easter festival ; when many a band
 Of merry minstrels traverse every vale,
 And flowery garlands deck their broad-brimmed hats.
 And as they go, with voices full and free
 As the deep murmur of the mighty Rhine.
 They chant the burden of their Easter hymn.
 Anon in softer strains they tell the tale
 Of Jesus' lowly birth, the magic star,
 The wise men, and the manger, and the throng
 Of angels hovering round the shepherds' fold,
 And as the rapt listeners drink the glorious song
 They feel it throbbing in their hearts, and tune
 The blended anthem to their sweet guitars,
 And fairy troops of children dance along
 With joyous gesture and delighted feet.
 And strew the rocky path with scattered flowers ;
 And when night sheds its sorrow o'er the vale,
 Pine torches flickering fling their fallow light,
 And grotesque shadows on the pageant rest,
 And solemn quaintness on the wooded huts.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S FAREWELL.

The nightingale is calling
 Among the forest leaves,
 Where silver moonshine falling
 A pleasant twilight weaves.
 How her sweet voice is throbbing
 Within yon leafy cell,
 The nightingale is sobbing
 Her passionate farewell !

Farewell, dear bird, thy trilling
 Hath ever made me glad,
 With joy my senses filling,
 E'en when my heart was sad.
 Would'st thou might ever linger
 Here in thy native deil,
 But we must part, sweet singer,
 Sweet nightingale, farewell !

A TALE OF OUR COASTS.

O the mighty waves are dashing
 With a cold and cruel shock,
 Where the warning light gleams through the night,
 From the dark and fatal rock.

God help the toiling vessel,
 God help the weary hand
 That strives to reach yon whitening beach,
 They ne'er will make the land.

The old man holds the rudder,
 The youth he plies the oar,
 'Tis the fearful strife 'tween death and life,
 That struggle for the shore.

The fingers of the storm wind
 Are toying with their locks,
 While the ruthless blast blows fierce and fast
 And whirls them to the rocks.

The red morn slowly breaking,
 Frowns sallow on the wave,
 The sea-birds are forsaking
 Their shelter in the cave.

A boy, a girl, a mother,
 Stand on the storm-strewed shore,
 And anxious scan the waves' rough plan,
 And on its ruins pore.

O ! is that seaweed drifting
 Amid the sunken rocks ?
 Those are the white waves lifting
 A sailor's tangled locks !

Why are those seabirds swooping
 And shrieking in the storm ?
 With fierce eyes ever stooping,
 'Tis o'er a sailor's form !

What are the wild winds singing
 With carol sweet and grand ?
 What are the white waves bringing
 So blithely to the land ?

The winds and wavelets mingle
 As for some pleasant freak,
 They toss it on the shingle,
 And leave it bare and bleak !

A boy, a girl, a mother,
 The billows' offering meet,
 A father, son, and brother,
 Lie lifeless at their feet !

And O ! amid the tempest
 Went up a cry so shrill,
 The rocks around gave back a sound
 Of more than human ill !

The startled sea-fowl heard the cry
 And fleeting o'er the main,
 They mingled their harsh melody
 With that wild wail of pain !

C H R I S T A B E L !

Come with me ; come with me,
 Over the green and glassy sea,
 Christabel, Christabel !
 For the whispering winds now lightly roam,
 And the waters are flecked with golden foam,
 Christabel, Christabel !

Come with me ; come with me,
 Over the sunny, shimmering sea,
 Christabel, Christabel !
 For see, the blue and billowy bay
 Is brimmed with beautiful tinted spray,
 Christabel, Christabel !

Come with me ; come with me,
 Where the river rolls to the sea,
 Christabel, Christabel !
 Through marish flowers and sedge we'll float,
 'Neath the shadowy boughs we'll steer our boat,
 Christabel, Christabel !

Come with me ; come with me,
 O'er dewy lawn, and liliated lea,
 Christabel, Christabel !
 For warbling birds in every tree,
 Make the green woods ring with jubilee,
 Christabel, Christabel !

Come with me ; come with me,
 For I would wander ever with thee.
 Christabel, Christabel !
 With thee for ever by my side,
 I'd float down Time's eternal tide,
 Christabel, Christabel !

A MOTHER'S CONSOLATION.

Through the night the babe was dreaming
 In his downy bed,
 Bright the tender moonshine beaming
 On his little head.

Softly as he lay reclining,
 Frail he looked and fair,
 While the silvery radiance shining,
 Played among his hair.

In the morn the babe was lying
 Still on downy bed,
 But a mother sad was sighing,
 For her child was dead.

Clad in robes of glittering tissue,
 Came an angel bright,
 With a coronet of starbeams,
 And a zone of light.

Hovered o'er the dreamer's pillow,
 Stole the gentle breath,
 And the bosom's little billow
 Felt the calm of death.

Mourn not, mother, for thy darling—
 For thy first-born boy,
 He has changed a life of suffering
 For a world of joy !

SLUMBER'S SONG.

I.

Dream, drowsy world, and let thy spirit stray
 Through fancy's groves and gardens greenly fair,
 'Neath whispering boughs and ever-golden day,
 By fountains flinging freshness on the air,
 And lily dappled streams that murmur there ;
 Let sad thought tread the fairy realm of dreams,
 And roam awhile from earth's dark paths of care,
 And musing blithely on bright, sunny themes,
 Cheat sorrow's night with pleasure's dancing beams.

II.

Dream, drowsy world, for from his throne descending
 I see my stern and swarthy brother, Death,
 With glittering scythe from his dark hand depending,
 About his haggard brow a cypress wreath,
 And in his path Disease, and Pain, and Grief,
 I see him grasp the impartial blade and reap
 The tender shoot, the sere and yellow leaf,
 And young and strong and old promiscuous steep
 In the still trance of never-waking sleep.

III.

Dream, drowsy world, while Slumber waves her pinions,
 And showers down the grateful dew of rest,
 Keeps brooding vigil o'er her dark dominions,
 And floats above the world in misty nest.
 Dream, drowsy world, at Slumber's soft behest.
 But see, the stars are fading in the dawn,
 And Life's huge form comes sailing up the west
 To meet the sun, and murmurs "Sleep, begone,"
 And ushers in the smiling face of morn.

MAGDALEN TOWER ON MAY MORNING.

Hark ! the old bell, with its mellow swell,
 Proclaims the sacred hour,
 And the sunbeams smile on our ancient pile
 On Magdalen's hoary tower.

Merrily, merrily, peal the bells
 Through the morning sky,
 Gaily the melody falls and swells
 In pleasant harmony !

Then awake, awake ! your beds forsake,
 The good old custom keep ;
 Come, hasten and climb to the merry chime
 Old Magdalen's lofty steep.

Bright is the blush of the rosy day,
 Fresh is the fragrant earth,
 Welcome the presence of comely May,
 And the hour of her birth !

On that joyous day, the first of May,
 A band assembles there,
 Assembles to raise the glad voice of praise
 And breathe the breath of prayer.

Then come, for the sweet bells are pealing,
 Swinging to and fro,
 And the solemn changes are stealing,
 Softly, clear and low !

Their robes gleam bright in the morning light,
 Chanting their matin song,
 And the Lord looks down from his lofty throne
 To bless that suppliant throng !

H O W T O W O O !

I.

Wherefore so changed of late, Robin,
 Who wert so blithe and glad ?
 Surely the way to win her
 Is not by looking sad.
 Then banish thoughts of fond regret,
 Cast gloomy doubts away,
 For he who conquers a coquette,
 Does so by looking gay !

II.

And when she would be cold, Robin,
 Meet her with joyous smile,
 For he who woos her must employ
 A little harmless guile.
 And when she would be tender,
 Why then indifference feign,
 O ! fear not to offend her,
 For thus her love you'll gain.

III.

But when she is thine own, Robin,
 Then cast deceit aside,
 For often 'tis the vain coquette
 That makes the truest bride ;
 The fickle, foolish throng of yore
 Loses its power to please,
 She learns one love like thine is more
 Than thousands such as these !

T H O U G H T.

I.

Ah ! thought is like a merry child at play,
 Chasing the butterflies among the flowers,
 Till wearied of the revel of the day
 She slumbers sweetly in bird-haunted bowers,
 While o'er her little head flow listless hours ;
 And then she wakens from her blissful swoon
 And finds the shadows round her, and she cowers
 In timid sorrow, till the placid moon
 Silvers the drowsy landscape with its smiling boon.

II.

Thought is a solace given direct from God
 To cheer man's loneliness.—Then go and roam
 Through the lush mead and lie upon the sod
 And gaze upon the blue and starry dome
 When 'tis the summer evening's tranquil gloam.
 Let fancy romp 'mid those old fields of green,
 Peopled with pleasant images of home,
 And as returns each dear familiar scene,
 Thy heart, like yonder azure sky, shall smile serene.

IS IT TRUE?

'Twas in the summer when he came
And sought me as his bride,
He vowed that he would be the same
Though weal or woe betide.
How gaily then the sunbeam shone,
How bright the summer blue,
But now like summer he is gone,
O, tell me, is it true?

'Tis winter now, and sad winds moan
Amid the leafless boughs,
And I, alas! am left alone,
To mourn o'er broken vows;
And oft when scenes of youth's bright years
Arise before my view,
I sadly murmur through my tears—
O, tell me, is it true?

Ah! then the world was fair and bright,
My heart was young and gay;
Life was one dream of long delight
From morn till close of day.
But now the rose hath lost its bloom,
The sky hath lost its blue,
For me there is unchanging gloom,
O, tell me, is it true?

THE COTTAGE FLOWER.

O soft winds sigh around her grave,
Here blithe birds warble low,
Here willow branches lightly wave,
For Nina sleeps below.
She was the angel of the poor,
And might be seen each hour
Beside the peasant's humble door—
She was the cottage flower !

O Nina was a lovely child
With cheeks of rosy hue,
With golden tresses floating wild,
And eyes of deepest blue.
Too fair she was,—one summer night
An angel sought her bower,
And wafted to a land of light
The little cottage flower !

Yet, though my Nina slumbers there,
Sometimes I see her now,
With starbeams dancing in her hair
And moonshine on her brow ;
Oft when I linger by her tomb,
When 'tis the evening hour,
She beckons to me in the gloom—
I'll come, my cottage flower !

THE SUICIDE.

She stands upon the bridge—the gas-light flares
 All down the river, and the flickering waves
 Loom far below. The moon is on her face,
 Haggard, and white, and wild, and terrible !
 She gazes on the current's distant flow
 As though within its sullen depths she found
 Some fascination. “ Ah ! 'tis very cold,
 'Tis but a leap, and then farewell to life !
 Farewell to misery. Dost hesitate ?
 'Tis but to banish from the mind all thought
 Of present, future, and invoke the past,
 With all its awful images of woe.”
 But ah ! the Future comes across her gaze
 And whispers “ Woman, 'tis a single plunge,
 But 'tis a leap amid the coals of hell !”
 “ Hence, haunting thoughts ! Down, hounds of conscience,
 down !
 O God ! lost ! lost !”

I.

Cold by the river
 A woman sits weeping ;
 Cold the stars shiver,
 Sentinel keeping.

II.

Cold through the willows
 The keen gusts are blowing ;
 Cold the dim billows
 'Neath her are flowing.

III.

Hist ! a wave dashing
 Down there in the river !
 That was the plashing
 Of one gone for ever !

IV.

Cold the stars glowing,
 Amid the dark tidal,
 Like a hearse going
 Bedecked for a bridal !

LOVE AND DEATH.

Death sits by the river.
 And over his head
 Dark cypress-boughs quiver,
 Their swart branches shiver,
 And make shadows dread ;
 Beside him his hour-glass
 And sickle are lying,
 For Death is asleep,
 Yet people are dying.
 For whilst he is sleeping,
 From over the hearth
 A cherub comes peeping—
 And lo ! he views Death !
 He sharpens his arrows
 On Death's gleaming sickle,
 He steals from the hour-glass
 A few sand-grains fickle ;

Then forth goes exulting,
 And eager to slay
 Each venomed shaft pierces
 The heart of his prey.
 Think not in this cherub
 Dwells pity or ruth,
 For his chosen spoil is
 The blossom of youth.
 The flash of his eye is
 As fatal as death ;
 The scent of his sigh is
 Sweet pestilent breath.
 As roses and cypress
 Their boughs intermingle,
 So Love and Death settled
 They could not live single,
 And so were united
 In hateful alliance,
 With sickle and arrow,
 To bid man defiance !

THOUGHTS IN THE CIRCUS OF ROME.

Blue twilight was falling
 Through the rent arches,
 Song-birds were calling
 From shadowy larches.

Silver spray of moonshine tinting
 Column dark and marble dome :
 Lovely starbeams lightly glinting
 From the wrecks of fallen Rome.

When at eve I thoughtful wandered
 'Mid her monuments sublime,
 And with saddened fancy pondered
 On the ravages of Time,

Fancy heard the azure ceiling
 Echo to the people's roar ;
 Heard the wave of clamour pealing
 To the yellow Tiber's shore.

Saw the fire of hatred burning
 In the gladiator's eye ;
 Marked the fatal thumbs down-turning,
 And the haughty victim die.

Thought how changed—white mosses growing
 Where the wide arena spread ;
 Crimson blossoms careless blowing
 Where the gladiators bled.

Thought how song-birds sweetly warble
 Where was heard the voice of hate ;
 Clustering tendrils twine the marble
 Where the proud patricians sate.

Thought how fragile and how fickle
 Are the mightiest works of man ;
 And when Death puts in the sickle,
 Save the ruin then—who can ?

Blue twilight was falling
 Through the rent arches,
 Song-birds were calling
 From shadowy larches.

WRECK OF THE ———

The vessel spread her large white pinions,
Dashed aside the ambient foam ;
Fled across the blue dominions,
Like a seagull flying home.

Moonbeams dance upon the ocean,
Stars are mirrored in the wave ;
Hearts are stirred with soft emotion,
Young and beautiful and brave.

Homeward thought each heart rejoices,
Words of home are on each lip ;
And the music of their voices,
Floats about the flying ship.

See the dewy decks are flashing
With the swinging lantern's light ;
And the painted prow is dashing
Through the shadows of the night.

Hark ! is heard the beat of dancing,
And the sound of lute and fife ;
Fairy forms are lightly glancing,
All is mirth and light and life !

Joyous laughter softly pealing,
Wafted o'er the starry waters ;
Sometimes tones of deeper feeling,
From earth's happy sons and daughters.

Then with song the gale was laden,
Still the strain was full of home,
So sweet that e'en the white mer-maiden,
Rose to listen from her foam.

Not a single thought of sadness
 Dashed the fulness of their joy ;
 Hearts were satiate with gladness—
 Happiness without alloy.

If a furtive teardrop glimmered
 In some darkly-pensive eye,
 'Twas Hope's trembling star that shimmered
 On the waves of ecstasy.

Change the scene—O voice of Sorrow,
 Whisper round the mournful tale ;
 Dwell not on the sad to-morrow
 Lest the heart and utterance fail.

Red the dawn rose o'er the ocean,
 With a wild and angry glare ;
 Waves rolled high with mighty motion,
 Full of thunder was the air.

There the whitening cliffs were gleaming
 Through the morning's ruddy gloom,
 There the lighthouse brightly beaming,
 Warned them rushing to their doom.

Still the fated ship careening,
 Still swept onward to the rock ;
 This side, that side ever leaning,
 Then was felt a fearful shock.

Swift the oaken timbers started,
 And the iron rivets gave ;
 Swift the riven vessel parted,
 And they sank beneath the wave.

They found rest beneath the billows,
 'Neath the white and restless surge ;
 Beds of coral made them pillows,
 And the wild winds sang their dirge.

GOLDEN LOCKS!

O my love is an angel now,
 Yet I see her come as of old,
 With her truant tresses about her brow
 Of soft and glimmering gold ;
 And oft in the silent night,
 Still comes a vision fair,
 Of a laughing sprite with locks of light,
 O beautiful golden hair !

She is gone, but I soon shall fly,
 To meet her on that bright shore,
 Where there is no regretful sigh,
 Where sorrow pains no more.
 And then she will come as of old,
 How well I can see her now,
 With her beautiful locks of sunny gold,
 Rippling about her brow !

A D R E A M .

Red the old cathedral gleams
 In the lingering sunset beams,
 Red the fading glories fire,
 Lofty turret, slender spire,
 Slanting through the storied pane,
 Bathe in light the hallowed fane,
 And fling o'er font and glimmering aisle
 The crimson magic of their smile !

With voice subdued and bending head
 They chant the requiem for the dead,
 A measure full of mournful feeling,
 And sadly on the senses stealing.
 Anon the strains sublimer roll,
 Wild visions float across the soul,
 A white-robed throng of angels bright
 Wave golden harps in liquid light,
 And raise a deep exultant cry,
 Glory to God who dwells on high !

LOST AT SEA !

'Twas morn, and away like a bird she flew
 Over the sunny and sparkling sea,
 Over the billows of dancing blue,
 For a vessel homeward bound was she,
 And the sea-men laughed at the drifting clouds
 And the blustering north wind's turbulent glee,
 And the bending mast and the fluttering shrouds,
 For all went merrily, merrily !

'Tis eve, and the murky waves roll high,
 And toss their glimmering crests of foam,
 Not a star beams forth from the dreary sky,
 But where is the vessel bound for home ?
 Ah ! what is it on yon billow rides ?
 What means that wild and terrible cry ?
 Down to the ocean's depths she glides,
 And all goes fearfully, fearfully !

MELODY OF WAR.

There is a music in the battle strife
That makes the soldier's burning pulse beat high,
The exulting shout, the wild appeal for life,
The harsh denial, and the last faint sigh
That seems to say, "'Tis hard, 'tis hard to die."
There is a music in the clash of arms,
The tramp of legions, and the troubled cry
That wakes new hopes, engenders fresh alarms—
These sounds of battle all possess their charms !

There is a music in the silent rest
That holds the battle-field upon the morn,
There is a music in the broken crest,
And tattered banner waving stained and torn,
In rent-up plain and green down-trampled corn,
There is a melancholy music found
In the stout soldier lying chill and lorn,
The still-grasped weapon and the gory ground,
The dark defiant smile and ghastly wound.

There is a music in the widow's tear,
A music in the orphan's wistful face,
The sister hanging o'er the sable bier,
The last fond look, the last and wild embrace
Ere he be laid in his dark resting place ;
There is a music in the blooming flowers
That deck his tomb with sweet and shadowy grace,
The rustling winds and tender dropping showers,
The perfect rest and stilly fleeting hours !

T E A R S !

What eloquence there lies
 In those bright pearls that gem the eyes,
 Pellucid tears !
 Distilled from sorrow's purest sighs,
 And saddest fears !

They tell the sprightly mien,
 Is but a mockery of joy,
 A smiling lie !
 That in the heart there is alloy,
 That fills the eye !

They tell that passion swells
 Beneath the calm unruffled breast,
 That seems repose !
 They tell the mourner has not rest
 From bye-gone woes !

THE OAK AND THE WIND.

I.

A maiden fair and a warrior bold
 Sate 'neath the oaken boughs,
 And there 'neath the branches gnarled and old,
 Plighted faithless vows,
 But little they thought beneath that oak,
 Vows were fated to be broke !

II.

The warrior went to a foreign clime,
 And wooed a dusky maid ;
 The maiden bided a summer time,
 Her lover still delayed ;
 " Ah me," she sighed, " he is surely dead,
 And 'twere better I should wed !"

III.

The warrior married the dusky maid,
 And the faithless fair a youth,
 And the wind in the oaken branches played
 " Alas, alas, for truth !
 How many, how many faithless vows,
 Bring dishonour on thy boughs !"

IV.

" 'Tis true, 'tis true," the old oak replied,
 And his green branches waved,
 " Full many a stormy wintertide
 My sturdy bark hath braved ;
 But blow wind, for I wish to die."
 His mighty branches prostrate lie,
 The oak, the oak is dead !

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

The drowsy world is hushed and still,
 And the haunted room is dark and chill ;
 Restless he turns on his downy bed,
 And ever shifts his feverish head,
 Then buries it deep in the tumbled clothes,
 And courts in vain sleep's sweet repose,
 For a nameless fear forbids him rest,
 And a load of dread weighs down his breast !

The spluttering candles flicker and fail,
 And the flame of the fire is ashy pale,
 Now bright with a livid and lurid blaze,
 Now wrapping the room in a bluish haze ;
 The tapestry flutters and stirs on the wall,
 Like a hearse's plumes or a funeral pall,
 While the woven figures of war and strife
 Seem ever assuming the forms of life.
 But hark ! the clock from the church-yard tower
 Tolls slowly and sadly the midnight hour !

Then phantoms dark and dread and dim,
 And phantoms ghastly gaunt and grim,
 And ghosts as ugly and black as sin,
 In shadowy troops come dancing in ;
 They move to the time of the death-watch tick,
 The clatter of jaws and the bones' dull click,
 They wreath their bones in a chill embrace,
 And glide with a solemn and ghostly pace ;
 Round, round, and round, a dismal band,
 Each with a corpse-light in his hand,
 Tossing their fleshless arms on high,
 Their jest a moan, their laugh a sigh,
 Their loving speech and soft converse
 A deep drawn oath or a muttered curse,
 Their boast a shriek and their best applause
 A hollow chuckle from gunless jaws,
 For where each feature shaped should be,
 There gapes a hideous cavity !

No rest, no pause, till a furtive ray
 Heralds the dawning of the day,
 Then his ears are full of sighs and groans,
 And a shudder thrills and threads his bones,
 For a voice like the thunders' awful roar,
 Yells, " Hence, your coffins stop the door."

He woke ! for a harsh voice hoarsely cried,
 " Your water and boots, sir, wait outside,"
 And found that the midnight spectral train
 Was only the freak of a bilious brain.
 Then he swore an oath that his evening meal
 Should never again be cheese and veal !

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Look ye around. See yonder maiden there,
 Who strives in vain to stanch her lover's wound
 With the dark tresses of her falling hair,
 While he lies wounded on the frozen ground.
 And list ! what means that lamentable sound ?
 Ah ! 'tis a mother moaning o'er her child
 Whom she hath, bathed in his own life-blood, found.
 See, how her eye glares lustreless and wild,
 Reason has gone ! her lips with gore defiled !

O ! WHO WILL WAKE ?

O, who will wake, and seek the ancient hill,
 Strike Helicon's bare rock with fairy wand,
 And thence allure once more the dormant rill,
 And make a green oasis in the sand ?
 O for that magic wand ! that master hand !
 But hie thee hence, O, vain, delusive dream,
 For genius long hath slumbered in its grave,
 And ever and anon emits a gleam
 Like jewels flashing from some darksome cave !

THE VICTIM OF THE WAVE.

The moon is bright on Venice' azure bay,
 And mirrored in its placid deep appears
 The lovely reflex of a starry sky.
 How beautiful ! the tiny wavelets dance
 And revel in the moonbeam's silvery sheen,
 And ripple into white dissolving foam.
 No stir, no sound of life ! the fisher's bark
 Lies idly on the beach, while far below
 His finny prey in coral chambers sleep ;
 No stir ;—save when some dusky cormorant
 Flaps with its gloomy pinion o'er the wave,
 And screeching forth his hoarse and bodeful cry,
 Startles the echoes of the sea-worn caves.

But lo ! far out upon the starlit bay
 A gondola glides on with muffled oar
 And leaves a train of phosphorescent light.
 Slowly it steals along the silent wave,
 The foamy spangles flashing from its prow,
 On some dark errand bound :—no boisterous mirth
 Peals o'er the blue expanse, no soft guitar
 Flings its wild music o'er the purple wave,
 But all is still as death ! no crew is there,
 Save one dark form that plies the bending oar
 And stands in gloomy contrast to the sky.
 Sure Charon and his sullen boat have left
 The sad and loveless waters of the Styx
 To visit Venice' Bay !

See, now he rests,
 And sweeps the elf-locks from his swarthy brow,
 Scanning the ocean's face—but all is still,
 And he is far from man and mortal ken ;
 Hell gleams within his eye ! the starting veins,
 The quivering features, and the firm-clenched hand

Betray his cruel purpose ;—forth he drags
 A burden from the bark, and with a curse
 Sinks it beneath the wave ; a fearful shriek,
 The last wild utterance of human woe,
 Thrills through the trembling night ;—a gurgling sound,
 A few faint ripples, and the deed is done !
 And jealousy has wrought a maiden's doom !

B R O K E N T R Y S T !

Why sitteth the maiden so lonely,
 Why is her cheek so pale,
 Her tresses negligent flowing
 On the enamoured gale ?

Why is her gaze so tender,
 So full of lustrous shade,
 So fraught with sorrowful splendour
 Sure, she is a lovely maid !

Why from her lips' red roses
 Do breathe such plenteous sighs ?
 Why spring such glistening fountains
 From the violet bed of her eyes ?

Why goeth she forth from her bower
 Through the wannish evening mist,
 Like a beautiful drooping flower ?
 O, her lover has broken his tryst ?

SONG OF THE SAXON BARDS.

I.

Mourn, minstrels, mourn, the dark and fatal hour
 'That brought our land beneath the Norman's sway ;
 Mourn, minstrels mourn, for sorrow's dark clouds lour,
 And hide the azure of a happier day.
 Mourn for the race of bards has passed away,
 And ne'er again will their sweet harpings yield
 The glowing song, the spirit-stirring lay
 'That erst the gallant Harold's bosom steeled,
 And laid him low on Hastings' cruel field.

II.

Why have our voices lost their tuneful spell ?
 Why fail our harps to wake the joyous strain ?
 Our blithest notes seem now a sad farewell,
 Our magic lyres now querulous complain,
 And make shrill moanings as a bird in pain.
 Why dwell our hands upon the slumbering wire,
 As though they feared lest they might stir again
 Those burning notes that thrilled with thoughts of fire,
 The hearts of stripling boy and hoary sire ?

III.

Mourn, minstrels, mourn, the sun is in the west,
 His golden glory now is almost fled,
 And now he sinks behind yon purple crest
 'Neath the blue surface of his ocean bed ;
 Thus, see, behind dark sorrow's frowning head
 The sun of minstrelsy is setting low,
 Ah ! now it glimmers with a gloomy red,
 Then flushes with a wild unwonted glow,
 And sinks 'neath dark oblivion's silent flow !

MAIDEN'S HAWKING SONG.

I love to ride, I love to ride,
 When 'tis the morn, when 'tis the morn,
 With hawk in hand at my command,
 And my silver horn, my silver horn !

I love to cast, I love to cast
 My hawk on high, my hawk on high,
 To chase the kite with merry flight,
 Through the clear blue sky, the clear blue sky !

I love to hear, I love to hear,
 His jingle bells, his jingle bells,
 As I gaily fly o'er mountains high,
 And dingle dells, and dingle dells !

BEAUTY OF DEATH.

And yet sometimes how beautiful is death !
 When the calm sleeper breathes away his life
 Softly as starbeams fading in the dawn !
 Look on that lovely boy. His innocent face,
 His large blue spiritual eyes, and lips
 Scarce parted in the regular breath of sleep,
 Look not like death—and yet the child is dead.
 That old man in that seeming sweet repose,
 With silver tresses and with reverend brow
 And blue-veined hands crossed meekly on his breast
 Looks not like death—and yet no soul is there !

WHO CAN TELL?

The maiden dreams in her bower,
 And the winds are at play in the trees,
 And the birds sing low, and the waters' flow,
 And the drowsy hum of bees
 Make the green woods glad, but the maid is sad,
 For her lover is on the seas !

But little the maiden knew
 That her lover was gone for e'er,
 Or those soft eyes, like summer skies,
 Were blank with cold despair,
 O, who can quell his heart to tell
 That bitter tale of care !

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

When maiden's color is most fair,
 The hand of death is lurking there ;
 Where roses bloom with brightest red,
 The canker worm has made its bed ;
 When waves are rocking us in sleep,
 A storm is brewing on the deep ;
 Thunders and lightnings underlie
 The drowsy azure of the sky ;
 When hope is radiant and bright,
 'Tis merged in disappointment's night ;
 When glad success has guerdoned toil,
 Oft failure makes the fruit her spoil.
 When man begins to count his years
 Death cuts them short with icy shears !

WEAKNESS OF SPEECH.

Aye, so it is—for often is our thought
 With splendid images sublimely fraught,
 And the frail utterance fears to give them birth ;
 Or, if it does, with such a piteous dearth
 Of adequate expression, that the thought
 Loses half its loveliness in being taught.

AFTER-SPELL OF SONG !

Who has not felt, when lovely voices cease
 Their tuneful madrigal, a sudden peace,
 That lingers on the heart e'en when the lay
 Wafted on wings of air has died away.

HOW FAIR IS LOVE !

How fair is love ! 'Tis like a flower
 That breathes a pleasant fragrance round ;
 Sweet is the rapture of the hour
 When first it rises from the ground,
 And feels the balmy air of spring,
 And drinks the angel-sprinkled dew ;
 But winter comes with rapid wing,
 O is it true, O is it true ?

D U E T .

GABRIEL— The silver stars are in the sky,
Softly the western zephyrs sigh,
But who so lonely, love, as I
 Waiting for you ?
Why will you, cruel, doubt my love ?
Although I swear by all above,
That as the heart of yonder dove,
 My heart is true !

EVANGELINE—"Tis not, my dear, your love I doubt,
But it is rather cold without,
So would you, please, just turn about,
 And go away ?
"Tis true I love the moon's pale lamp,
But now the grass is very damp,
And really I don't like the cramp,
 Farewell, I say !

GABRIEL— O will you never hear my prayer ?
Perfidious wretch, O faithless fair ;
But wish to drive me to despair,
 O heart of stone !
Then if I die, with you the blame,
With you the guilt, with you the shame ;
"Twill cling for ever to your name—
 When I am gone !

EVANGELINE—Well, love, if you are not in jest,
Excuse me, if I just suggest
That drowning is perhaps the best
 Way to expire ;
And how romantic it will be
To say, " Poor man, he sighed for me,
And then he drowned himself. you see,
 In sorrow dire ! "

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Fair Austrian ! wild and checkered was thy life,
 With shade and sunshine, joy and sorrow rife ;
 Now Fortune's bark sailed light o'er summer seas
 And idly answered to each idle breeze,
 But now 'twas rudely borne and tossed on high
 By the grim wave of stormy Destiny !
 'Tis mine to tell of beauty and decay,
 Of love and virtue—how they passed away.
 Strange is my song, and strangely as I sing,
 Changes of grief and joy alternate ring !

A kind and loving nature culled for thee
 The brightest flowers that bloom on Beauty's tree
 With lavish hand. Thy forehead, high and pale,
 Soft auburn curls in wild profusion veil ;
 Thy violet eyes seem fraught with changing light,
 So darkly lustrous and so purely bright,
 Now speaking love, now flashing with disdain,
 Now moist with sorrow or bedimmed with pain,
 Swift shades of feeling o'er thine aspect fly
 Like summer lightning o'er the evening sky,
 While to thy lovely form the spirits' play
 Gives motion airy as the dancing spray !

Awhile reposing in Trianon's bowers,
 How blithely tripped the rosy-footed hours !
 Trianon ! pleasure's breath in every dell,
 Binds thy gay inmates with voluptuous spell ;
 Here purpling cups and ruddy nectar glow
 Alive with sunny sparkles, and the flow
 Of thrilling music blending with the song,
 Bears the delirious ear entranced along !
 Amid these verdant woods and grassy vales
 Each foot is soft in flowers that scent the gales,

And when the sun sinks down, and twilight grey
 Becalms all nature 'neath its sober sway,
 The songsters cloistered in the leafy trees
 Trill their sweet vespers to the fitful breeze,
 While palpitating moonshine trembling through
 The ash deep crimsoned, and the sable yew,
 The silver beech, and yellow maple, floods
 With bursts of spangly light the shadowy woods !

Here Marie dwelt, and young life's blushing ray
 Proclaimed the breaking of a joyous day,
 Here rapture's tear alone, and pleasure's sigh
 Burst gently from the heart's satiety.
 She sipped the sweets of every passing hour,
 And careless ever flew from flower to flower
 Like some gay butterfly, nor ever cast
 One glance to view the future or the past.
 But here amid 'Trianon's shady bowers,
 Or else within Versailles' enlivening towers,
 Little she recked of peril past or nigh,
 But life, like some deep stream, went flowing by
 Stirred only by the dancing waves of ecstacy !

O transient pleasure ! soon the cares of state
 Weighed down that heart so joyous and elate ;
 A change, a fearful change there came at last,
 And wrecked the fairy fabric of the past,
 Beneath that brow that beams so falsely gay,
 Grief, deeply-rooted, gnaws the heart away.
 Ah ! gilded crowns and robes of purple hide
 A troubled mind beneath a form of pride !

Alas, poor Queen ! the halcyon calm is o'er,
 The treacherous rest, the golden dreams of yore,
 And bursting fiercely round thy fated form,
 Rages the gathering fury of the storm ;
 Amid thy people Famine makes his way,
 Herald of want, privation, and decay.

A nation's groans are on the reckless air,
 The sullen murmurs of suppressed despair !
 Once at thy name each swarthy cheek would flush,
 And mantle brightly with affection's blush ;
 If dark suspicion breathed one noxious breath,
 Indignant sabres flashed from every sheath,
 But now each spark of chivalry has fled
 That fired the spirits of the noble dead,
 And human vampires fasten on thy fame,
 And make the innocence of thy fair name
 The scoff of tongues, the butt for heartless jeer,
 For jester's idle laugh and mocker's sneer !

As surging seas and boisterous billows rise
 And dash their briny dew against the skies,
 So rose a nation with a fearful cry,
 Awakened from its slavish lethargy.
 Hear the fierce outcries of the ravening crowd—
 “ Down with the rich, debase the pampered proud,
 Like blood with us, we starving faint and die,
 They wallow in excess and luxury :
 Soon they shall crouch beneath the hireling's hand,
 And universal freedom rule our land !”

Yon veteran pile its hoary brow uprears,
 Seamed with the furrows of a thousand years,
 Its massive battlements, so bleak and worn,
 Frown robed in gloom and mock the light of morn,
 And stand resisting Time's effacing blast,
 A stern memorial of a mighty past !
 O dread Bastille ! vast charnel-house of life,
 With dismal scenes of silent horror rife,
 No sorcerer's craft, no wizard's muttered spell
 Have freed one prisoner from his darkling cell,
 And few have known its dungeon's gloomy sway,
 And seen again the light of freedom's day.
 While if perchance one walks on earth again
 He bears through life the brand of years of pain,

And ever dimly hints and darkly raves
 Of dripping walls, foul scenes, and living graves,
 Of death and torture, anguish and decay,
 And bonds that gnaw both life and soul away !

But now the prisoner lifts his drooping head,
 For from afar there comes a murmur dread,
 Like to the distant thunder's sullen roar,
 Or billows breaking on a rock bound shore.
 On, on they come, and now a mighty band
 Round the dark barriers insurgent stand,
 And gaze upon the walls, as vultures may
 Ere yet they swoop upon their helpless prey.
 But why prolong the dire and dismal tale,
 The victor's pæan and the victim's wail,
 The gleam, the crash, the missile's deadly flight,
 The shriek that told its work was done aright,
 The final charge ; the tottering ramparts fall
 In cumbrous ruin, silence covers all !

O France, thy people in that tempest hour
 Cast off the regal yoke and learnt their power,
 And drunken now with freedom's rapturous breath
 They wildly revel in the hall of Death !
 Each reeking sabre gleams with crimson hue,
 Each poniard blushes with its ruddy dew,
 While Ruin, Discord, Depredation smile
 O'er each ensanguined heap, each grisly pile !

Versailles beams brilliant in the murky night,
 And rends the gloom with many a dancing light,
 There wine's enlivening flow, and sparkling jest
 Seduce and animate the dullest guest.
 But ah ! without a gaunt and starving throng
 Hears their light laughter and defiant song,
 And cowers from the night-wind's piercing cold,
 Like cattle huddled on the open wold.

The mirth runs high, when as the silver moon
 Sails upward in the cloudless sky of June,
 And shines unveiled, so comes the smiling queen,
 Radiant with beauty on the festive scene ;
 Then bursts a shout—a loyal heartfelt cry—
 And toasts are pledged, and wild cups tossed on high ;
 While each with lifted hand, and waving blade,
 Vain protestations of affection made.
 Fond fools ! they mock before a nation's eyes,
 A nation's sufferings and a people's sighs,
 Who now discarded and dishonoured see
 The chosen symbol of their liberty* !

All now is still—the palace hushed to rest,
 The glittering banquet o'er, and sumptuous feast,
 Nature is cradled in the arms of sleep.
 No sound is heard—save fountains' plashing leap,
 Or the sad whispers of the rustling trees,
 That swaying shiver in the midnight breeze.
 The pillars in the frosty starlight gleam,
 The courtiers in the drowsy moonshine dream,
 Without one single thought of lurking foes—
 In the deep slumber of secure repose.
 But yonder comes a weird and phantom throng,
 Bent on some deed of rapine or of wrong ;
 Marat and Danton, swarthy birds of night,
 Flit there like spectres 'neath the pallid light,
 Fanning the fever of the morbid mind,
 And each worst passion of depraved mankind ;
 And soon a fiercely wild and clamorous cry—
 Whose loud reverberations shake the sky—
 Darts sudden terror through each startled breast,
 And wakes the queenly slumberer from her rest.
 She came—and with her children by her side,
 She braved the raging of that human tide,

* At a banquet at Versailles, they trampled under foot the national cockade before the people's eyes.

Then put them from her arms, and lonely stood,
 A lovely victim to their vengeful mood !
 They saw her there, and hushed was every breath,
 In bright defiance of approaching death.
 Like some resplendent angel's glorious form,
 Curbing the fury of the midnight storm,
 And then from thousand lips that lately curst,
 Accents of love and admiration burst !

O, ever fickle mob ! another morn
 Beheld her captive and the mark of scorn,
 The storm of sorrow thickens, fierce and fast
 Sweep wild woe-hurricanes with blighting blast.
 Scarce one can dwell upon each harrowing scene,
 Her lovely courage and her dauntless mien,
 The march to Paris with that hellish train,
 Her meek endurance and her proud disdain,
 The close imprisonment, the ill-planned flight
 'Neath the dark covert of the treacherous night ;
 The husband severed from the weeping wife,
 The ruthless judgment and the martyred life ;
 But lo ! the dusky curtain rolls away,
 And bares the last act of a woful play—

She comes—the deep resolve that fills her eye
 Tells she has learnt that lesson—how to die !
 She marks on every face a threatening gloom,
 And in their lowering looks divines her doom ;
 'Tis written in their features' cruel play,
 And from the sight she shuddering turns away ;
 Yet 'tis no terror stirs her constant soul,
 But joy to feel she nears her heavenly goal,
 For her calm brow and sweetly peaceful air,
 Shew that e'en now in spirit she is there ;
 All idly at fair Truth's inspired behest,
 A few brave hearts her innocence attest,
 For fiends there are to forge the ready lie,
 And blot life's latest scene with calumny,
 For men there are who scruple not to sell
 Eternal heaven for eternal hell !

Hebert and Simon ! 'neath their venom'd breath
 Honour grows faint and virtue sinks in death ;
 List to their charge, so monstrous, so impure,
 Her breaking heart no longer can endure,
 She sudden turns—as deer when brought to bay,
 Gores the wild hounds that yell around their prey.
 Behold the white face flush with passion's fire,
 Mark the lip quiver with indignant ire,
 See the bright lightning in her angry eye,
 That flashing chides their heartless perfidy.
 Silent awhile she stands—then lifts on high
 A thrilling voice, her soul's impassioned cry,
 " Mothers of France, receive my last appeal,
 Bear witness now—if mothers yet can feel—
 Whether a crime to God and man so foul
 E'er crossed the threshold of a mother's soul."
 All, all in vain,—relentless hearts are there,
 And deaf to every pleading of despair,
 She hears the tongue that tolls her funeral knell,
 Erect and pale she passes to her cell.

'Tis night, the hour when all is hushed and still
 That softens anguish and assuages ill ;
 When peace and silence lull the aching breast,
 Invite repose and rock despair to rest.
 But ah ! no dewy sleep, no holy calm
 Destil upon her soul their sovereign balm.
 A prisoner in that drear and dismal cell,
 She hears the tinkling of the convent bell,
 The moaning trees, the night-wind's troubled sigh—
 Like some dark spirit in mortal agony.
 She leans her fevered brow against the bars,
 And silent gazes on the silent stars ;
 She looks upon the dark blue vault of night,
 Sees the wild meteor's swift and glowing flight,
 And that sad face, alas, so pale and wan—
 Like virgin martyr's in the moonlight shone !
 What mute expression o'er her aspect plays,
 Now wounded pride, now sorrow's gentler phase.

The soft gales kiss her brow, and lift her hair,
 Besprinkled with the wintry snow of care,
 And bright tears slowly gather, slowly glide,
 As o'er her soul comes recollection's tide,
 Days of delight, and peace now left behind,
 Come sweeping o'er the surface of her mind ;
 While pleasant memories flicker o'er her brain
 Like sunny shadows o'er the golden grain ;
 Her thoughts are wandering—now her spirit strays
 Through the old garden ground of childhood's days,
 When life was fair and hope was fresh and green ;
 How bright life's dawn ! How dark its closing scene !
 But list, a wild and melancholy song
 Anthems a dreary tale of ruth and wrong,
 A fervent prayer, a sad and bitter cry
 Thrills through the darkness to her God on high,
 Waking the dull night's heartless apathy.

Fair breaks the morn, and now the sun on high
 With cloudless splendour fills the autumn sky,
 A captive 'mid a rude insensate throng,
 All robed in white, is rudely dragged along.
 Slowly the dark procession passes by
 In dismal pomp and mock solemnity !
 That noble mien, that calm and stately air,
 Betrays no coward crouching of despair ;
 She hears the curse, and stifled cry of woe,
 And sees the dark mass swaying to and fro,
 And yet her bosom throbs in peaceful rest,
 As infant's rocked upon its mother's breast.
 They near the goal ! in black distinctness there
 The scaffold rears its gloomy height in air.
 Firmly she treads the steps that lead to death,
 And dauntless views the impatient crowd beneath,
 Then low she bends absorbed in silent prayer,
 And tender sunbeams gild her silvery hair,
 And mantle o'er the pallor of her brow,
 Like mellow sunshine on the virgin snow ;
 Now rapt devotion wafts her soul above,
 And fills her aspect with a speechless love,

There dawns a holiness in those dark eyes
 That gaze in rapture on the sunny skies,
 For bright the future looms beyond the grave,
 A lighthouse o'er life's wild and dreary wave :—
 But ah ! tis done, the keen and glittering knife
 Has reft in twain the silver cord of life,
 Her spirit through death's gloomy portal flies
 To azure isles above and beaming skies,
 And soars exultant on its heavenly way
 From dark mortality to endless day.

A SCENE FROM THE CIRCUS.

'There was high festival that day in Rome,
 And eager thousands to the circus came,
 And ever thronged beneath its ample dome,
 For through the city there had gone proclaim
 That in its wide arena there would meet
 On that eventful day a chosen pair,
 Neither of whom had even known defeat,
 And that the Emperor would be present there
 And crown the victor with a garland fair.

Long was the struggle, and they frequent met,
 With breast to breast opposed, and hand to hand,
 Till one entangled in the fatal net
 Lay almost lifeless on the crimson sand,
 And then there rose a shout of wild acclaim,
 And all the circus echoed to the roar,
 So loud it was, that e'en the victor's name
 Was heard on yellow Tiber's farthest shore.
 As from the Emperor's hand the wreath he bore.

The wounded heard, and now a gust of pain
 Swept o'er the marble of his pallid face,
 Then swiftly passed, and grandly calm disdain
 Filled his white aspect with a glorious grace ;
 Anon a softer phase of sadness drew
 Down his brown cheek a solitary tear,
 And yet 'twas not because he surely knew
 That death was nigh, the soft reproach of fear.
 No ! 'twas the memory of his kindred dear.

His thoughts were far within his mountain land,
 His arm was clasped in fancy round the wife
 For whom so oft upon the arena's sand
 He dared the danger of the deadly strife ;
 Around the threshold of his cottage home
 He saw his happy children heedless play,
 And now his troubled thoughts bewildered roam,
 His eyes grow dim and lose their wonted ray—
 And now a noble spirit has passed away.

SOUNDS OF THE PAST !

'Tis strange how the sounds of the past are still ringing,
 Like a wild peal of bells in memory's ear,
 Dark scenes and bright visions alternately bringing,
 And sunshine and shadow from many a year !

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-50m-7,'54(5990)444

**THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES**

PR Bazalgette -
4079 Random rhymes
B83r

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 380 297 2

PR
4079
B83r

